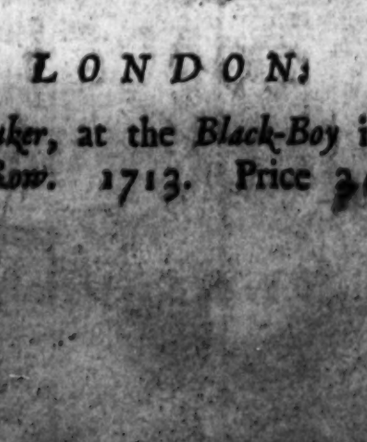
A

# TALE.

## ROBIN's TAME PIDGEONS TURN'D WILD.

*Difficile est proprie communia dicere.* Hor.



LONDON:
Printed for *J. Baker*, at the *Black-Boy* in *Pater-Noster-Row*. 1713. Price 3*d*.

# TALE.

## ROBIN'S

## TAME PIGEONS

## WILD.

Difficile eſt proprie communia dicere. Hor.

LONDON:

Printed for J. Bailey, at the Black-Boy in Paternoſter-Row. 1719. Price 2d.

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# TALE.

## ROBIN's Tame *Pidgeons* turn'd Wild.

*ROBIN*, by ſome miſterious Fate,
Had crept into a fine Eſtate,
Where two large Dove-Courts grac'd the Seat,
One Higher than the other ſtood,
Which ſtill produc'd the faireſt Brood,
Birds of bold Wing, and lofty Flight,
Of Stately Mien, and Colour Bright;
Where-e'er they lodg'd, no Waſte was found,
They better'd ev'ry ſpot of Ground;
So very ſhy of being fed,
They rang'd Abroad for Daily Bread:
Yet no Complaint againſt them lay,
(A Bird occaſion'ly might prey.)
The Lower Dove-Houſe, far more large,
Prov'd to the Farm a conſtant Charge:
It had Five Hundred Holes at leaſt,
In ev'ry other Hole a Neſt
Of ſcragged Birds, ill-look'd, and poor,
Which always came at *Robin*'s Lure:
He ſtill contriv'd their Crops to fill,
And they had Tares and Peaſe at Will.

The Neighb'ring Gentry ſmil'd to ſee
*Robin*'s peculiar Husbandry,
But yet ſeem'd much at his Command,
Becauſe his Pidgeons ſpar'd their Land.

Others more freely told the Event
Of ſuch Prudential Management.
*Robin* ſtill ſow'd but little Wheat,
His Houſhold had not Bread to eat.
The Oxen kept their Ragged Coats.
The Horſes ſtarv'd for want of Oats.
The Geeſe and Turkeys in the Yard
Pin'd for looſe Corn, and hardly far'd,
Moſt of this fine Eſtate ran wild,
The richer Spots remain'd untill'd.
*Robin* by th' Acre ſet the Graſs,
And for half Profit ſign'd a Leaſe;
The Copp'ces Cut, and Fell'd the Wood,
And nought that fetch'd a Penny, ſtood:
All this was for to buy in Peaſe,
To keep his Pidgeons in good Caſe.
As oft as Money was disburs'd
For Peaſe, the Pidg'ons ſtill were Curs'd;
*Robin* however kept his Courſe,
And went to Market with full Purſes:
Whenever any Pidgeon dy'd,
That Loſs was inſtantly ſupply'd;
In Pairs he purchas'd commonly,
But if the Colour pleas'd his Eye,
The Price was fix'd, and ſtrait he'd buy:

If

If any of this Breed fell Sick,
*Robin* was ne'er without a Trick,
To make them brisk, and feed again,
And try'd them with all ſorts of Grain:
He'd tinge their Water with deep Dye
Of Saffron, which with Gold might vie
To court their Eyes, and pleaſe the Taſte,
Beſides a ſecret Yellow *Paſte*.
*Robin*'s Oeconomy ſpread wide,
Some prais'd, and ſome his Scheme decry'd;
Few of the Swains knew his Deſign,
Or what each *Pidg'on* brought him in.
The Dung they made, was what he moſt
Depended on, and quitted Coſt;
The Richneſs of it nois'd Abroad,
That ev'ry Farmer begg'd a Load.
When *Robin* e'er was deſtitute,
By promis'd Loads he could recruit.
The *Pidg'ons* before *Robin* came
Being partly Wild, and partly Tame,
He try'd to bring them all to Hand,
And whiſtle them to his Command;
In th' Higher Dove-Houſe very Few
Own'd *Robin*'s Call, or Whiſtle knew:
*Robin* would fain have brought one Home,
Oft ſpread his Tares, and cry'd, *Tom*, *Tom*,
The De'il a bit would ſly *Tom* come:

*Robin* at laſt deviſ'd a Way
To make the ſullen Doves obey,
Croppers, and Tumblers, with a motley Set
Of Carriers ſmooth, and feather'd Feet,
He plac'd amongſt them to betray
The wilder Birds, and ſhow the Way;
Some of theſe Foreign Doves turn'd Tail,
And would not come to *Robin's* Stale:
Another *Tom* perceiving theſe
Glutted with Tares, and Sick of Peaſe,
Wing'd off with Twenty Doves one Morn,
Lurch'd *Robin*, and refus'd their Corn.
*Robin* was vex'd to ſee them flown,
And thought they'd been entirely gone;
Others, by their Example led,
To Neighbring Fields in Couples fled;
Yet ſome of theſe in two Days Flight
Wheel'd round, and came to *Rooſt* at Night.
*Robin* diſpleas'd, reſolv'd at laſt
To cleanſe each Hole, and ſave his Paſte,
Whilſt this was doing, ev'ry Bird
Flew off, and left poor *Bob* a T——rd.

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*FINIS.*